

## Contributions

## CHRIST AND CAESAR

B. C. MOOMAW

They were not on very intimate or sympathetic terms when the Lord was in the world. Caesar had several representatives in Judea at that time. Pilate was one of them. Indirectly Herod was another. We do not hear that they very often presided at great religious gatherings. Neither of them presided over the Pentecostal assembly. One of them, Pilate, occupied the chair on a certain occasion of great public interest, when a certain troublesome person was disposed of in a rather summary manner. Their great social influence was not lent to the furtherance of the Gospel. Jesus and his disciples had to get along without their help, but they managed to get along somehow, and it is a fact that the good cause lives and flourishes this considerable while since Caesar and his Pilate have crumbled to dust.

But see what a change has come over the spirit of the world and the fortunes of the church. At a recent great conference of Christian workers, three of the world's great leaders occupy chief seats and deliver eloquent orations. Do we cavil at this? By no means, for a president, or an ex-president, or a governor, has just as good a right to be a Christian as an obscure man, and it is an occasion of deep rejoicing that they are Christians, at least many of them. Being Christians, it is right and proper that they should lend all their influence to the great cause. It is a matter of congratulation when Caesar becomes a friend and follower of Christ, a friend and follower, mind you, not a patron. When Constantine the Great became a convert to Christianity, he rapidly evolved into, not an humble disciple, but an imperial patron. Then began the fatal decline of primitive Christianity. The rulers of the world are unavoidably politicians. Now it happened that the rulers who opened the great Ecumenical Conference of Missions were all members of one political party. Certainly this was not the design of the managers, for a distinguished representative of the other political party was invited, but for some reason he failed to appear. So here was furnished the occasion for members of that party to become "judges of evil thoughts." Men are men, and partisans are partisans, and for a great part of the time neither are capable of listening to reason. Prejudice rules their thoughts, impressions and feelings. It is exceedingly unwise to direct this prejudice needlessly against any cause of humanity.

But apart from this, we think that Caesar is greatly out of place when he is lifted upon a sacred pedestal. In our estimation the humblest missionary in that conference was greater than he, and more fit to do the spectacular work of the conference, if spectacular work must be done. We doubt the propriety of any spectacular work at all, but let this point go. Good old Dr. Lovelight, from

some African jungle, or some Indian bungalow, or some Chinese rat den, who has spent forty years of a cultured and consecrated life wiping from his benevolent face the spittle of dirty savages, wields, in our estimation, a far greater influence for Christ than the proudest emperor in the world, and is infinitely more fitting to fill the places of honor in the church's great assemblies. If Caesar is fit to jostle elbows with these unknown saints, let him be proud of the privilege. They honor him when he sits beside them in the humblest pew. He does not honor them, he cannot honor them, no matter how conspicuous the pedestal upon which a mistaken zeal elevates him.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

C. H. WETHERBE

I sometimes see in religious papers the statement that it is hard for one to live a Christian life. It will not do to apply this assertion to all Christians. While it is true that no one can be a thoroughly loyal Christian without exertion and self denial and a degree of the power of resistance against enticing temptations, yet there are thousands of sterling Christians who would be quite unwilling to say that it is a particularly difficult work for them to pursue a Christian life. Indeed, they will quickly affirm that such a life is so joyful, so blessed, so free, that it is the easiest life on earth. They will testify that Christ's yoke is truly easy and that his burden is really light.

But there are many who experience great difficulty in living a fairly good Christian life. In fact, notwithstanding their efforts to pursue a Christian course, they easily fall into evil ways, more or less frequently, and exhibit such faults as lead people to doubt that they are genuine Christians. They have hot tempers, which they often fail to control, and they are sometimes greatly inclined to exaggerate the truth. Yes, it is hard for such ones to live anything like a decent Christian life. And why is it so. In many cases, the reason is, I think, these people have been very unfortunate in their parentage. Their parents were immoral people. They had vicious characters, and perhaps the immediate ancestors of these parents were bad people. They may not have been extremely bad, but so bad that pernicious tendencies have been transmitted to their descendants. A bad ancestry makes it more than ordinarily hard for one to maintain a straight and healthy Christian life. Then, too, a real Christian may have led a wild and hurtful life before his conversion, and hence the habits which he then formed may exert a hindering influence on him now. I do not wonder that some Christians find it difficult for them to live an exemplary and happy spiritual life. Nor is it remarkable that the Christian who has been favored with an honest, pure-minded, temperate and godly ancestry pursues a Christian course with comparative ease, and is happy in it. The law of hereditary tendency is greatly in their

favor. It is easy for them to be truthful; it is almost impossible to induce them to be untruthful. They are not so easily led astray as are those whose parentage is wicked, low and vicious. Parents should remember that they are living for their descendants.

## Home Circle

## The One Glad Day

There is no night in heaven;  
In that blest world above  
Work can never bring weariness,  
For work itself is love.  
There is no night in heaven;  
Yet nightly round the bed  
Of every Christian wanderer  
Faith hears an angel tread.

There is no grief in heaven;  
For life is one glad day,  
And tears are of those former things  
Which all have passed away.  
There is no grief in heaven;  
Yet angels from on high  
On golden pinions earthward glide,  
The Christian's tears to dry.

There is no sin in heaven;  
Behold that blessed throng,  
All holy in their spotless robe,  
All holy in their song.  
There is no sin in heaven;  
Here who from sin is free?  
Yet angels aid us in our strife  
For Christ's true liberty.

There is no death in heaven;  
For they who gain that shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.  
There is no death in heaven;  
But when the Christian dies,  
The angels wait his parted soul,  
And waft it to the skies.

—Frederick D. Huntington

## Katie's Saturday

Sunlight.

"Dear me!" sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning.

"What can be the matter?" said mamma, laughing at the doleful face.

"Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katie, crossly.

She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

"Now, Katie," said mamma, this time, seriously, "as soon as you are dressed I have something I want you to do for me down in the library."

"Before breakfast?" said Katie.

"No, you can have your breakfast first," mamma answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was, and perhaps you are, too, we will skip the breakfast, and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk, with a big piece of paper and a pencil in front of her.

"Now, Katie," she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, "I want you to write down a few of those things which trouble you. One thousand will do!"

"O mamma, you're laughing at me now," said Katie; "but I can think of at least ten right this minute."

"Very well," said mamma; "put down